DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES THE EM-PLOYMENTS OF THE BLEST.

Each Saved Soul, Each Great Painter, Each Great Scientist Laboring In the Great Workshop of Paradise - Grand Sociality-The Library of the Universe.

Washington, Dec. 6.—Dr. Talmage's permon today gives a very unusual view of the celestial world and is one of the most unique discourses of the great preacher. The text is Ezekiel i, 1, "Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river Chebar, that the

heavens were opened." Ezekiel, with others, had been expatriated, and while in foreign slavery, standing on the banks of the royal canal which he and other serfs had been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar-this royal canal in the text called the river of Chebar-the illustrious exile had visions of seaven. Indeed it is almost always so-that the brightest visions of heaven come not to those who are on mountain top of prosperity, but to some John on desolate Patmos, or to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig-yea, to the weary, to the heartbroken, to those whom sorrow has banished. The text is very particular to give us the exact time of the vision. It was in the thirtieth year and in the fourth month and in the fifth day of the month. So you have had visions of earth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may we not have some such vision now and it be in the twelfth month and in sixth day of the month?

What Are They Doing?

The question is often silently asked, though perhaps never audibly propounded, "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the story of 18 centuries ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kinsfolk. After God has made a nature he never "Coronation" and "Antioch" and they swept by? temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of temperament, neither will death eradicate them. Paul and John other in Asia Minor.

You have, then, only by a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition to decide what are the employments of your departed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all earthly grossness and add all earthly goodness, and then you are to come to the conclusion that they are doing now in heaven what in their best mement they did on earth. The reason why so many people never start for heaven is | hear? If it can hear, then it can hear because they could not stand it if they | music. Do not therefore let it be in got there if it should turn out to be the rigid and formal place some people photograph it. We like to come to church, but we would not want to stay here till next summer. We like to hear the "Hallelaiah Chorus," but we would not want to hear it all the time for 50 centuries. It might be on some great occasion it would be possibly comfortable to wear a crown of gold weighing several pounds, but it would be an affliction to wear such a crown forever. In other words, we run the descriptions of | do not know, but I should not be surheaven into the ground while we make that which was intended as especial and celebrative to be the exclusive employment in heaven. You might as well, if asked to describe the habits of | verse-I should not be surprised if he American society, describe a Decoration day or a Fourth of July or an autumnal Thanksgiving, as though it were all the time that way.

The Different Employments.

I am not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must, by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense, conclude that in heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of heaven, but will that abolish employments? No more than love on earth-paternal, filial, fraternal, conjugal love-abolishes earthly occupa-

In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends who on earth found great joy in the fine arts are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladdest pleasures amid pictures and statuary and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affluence of faculty at death collapsed and perished? Why so, when there is more for them to look at and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the rainbows and the spring mornings are woven? Are you so obtuse as to suppose, because the painter drops his easel and the sculptor his chisel and the engraver his knife, that therefore that taste which he was enlarging and intensifying for 40 or 50 years is entirely obliterated? These artists or these friends of art on earth worked in coarse material and with imperfect brain and with frail hand. Now they have carried their

circumference. They are at their old business yet, but without the fatigues, without the limitations, without the hindrances of the terrestrial studio. Raphael could improve upon his masterpiece of "Michael the Archangel," improve upon his masterpiece of the "Holy Trinity," now that he has visited them. Michael Angelo could better present the "Last Judgment" after he had seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering rams of its thunder.

Masters Still Painting. Exquisite colors here, graceful lines here, powerful chiaroscuro here, but I am persuaded that the grander studies and the bright galleries are higher up, by the winding marble stairs of the sepulcher, and that Turner and Holman Hunt and Rembrandt and Titian and Paul Veronese, if they exercised saving faith in the Christ whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are painting yet, but their strength of faculty multiplied ten thousandfold. Their hand has forgotten its curning, but the spirit has faculties as far superior to four fingers and a thumb as the supernatural is superior to the human. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand and their brain was that he might give them something more limber, more wieldy, more skillful, more multipliant. Do not therefore be melancholy among the tapestries, and the bric-a-brac, and the embroideries, and the water colors, and the works of art which your departed friends used to admire. Do not say, "I am so sorry they had to leave all these things." Rather say, "I am glad they have gone up to higher artistic opportunity and appreciation." Our friends who found so much joy in the fine arts on earth are now luxuriating in Louvres and Luxembourgs celestial.

I remark again that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world celestial. The Bible says so much about the music of heaven that it cannot all be figurative. Why all this talk about halleluiahs, and choirs on the glass and trumpets and harps and oratorios and organs? The Bible over and over again speaks of the songs of heaven. If heaven had no songs of its own, a vast number of those on earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely the Christian at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in heaven who know eradicates the chief characteristic of its | "Mount Pisgah" and "Old Hundred." The leader of the eternal orchestra need only once tap his baton, and all heaven will be ready for the halleluiah. If heaven should ever get out of music, Thomas Hastings and Lowell Mason and Bradbury would start up a hundred old magnificent chorals. But what with the new song that John mentions, and the various doxologies alluded to, and the importation of sublunar harmonies, a Christian fond of music, dying, will have an abundance of regalement. What though the voice be gone in are as different from each other in | death, what though the ear be fallen in heaven as they were different from each | dissolution, are you therefore to conclude that the spirit will have no power to make or eatch sweet sounds? Cannot the soul sing? How often we compliment some exquisite singing by saying, "There was so much soul in her

Celestial Music.

In heaven it will be all soul until the body after awhile comes up in the resurrection, and then there will be an additional heaven. Cannot the soul your household when some member leaves for heaven, as it is in some households, that you close the piano and unstring the harp for two years because the fingers that used to play on them are still. You must remember that they have better instruments of music where they are. You ask me, "Do they have real harps and real trumpets and real organs?" I do not know. Some viseacres say positively there are no such things in heaven. I prised if the God who made all the mountains, and all the hills, and all the forests, and all the mines of the earth, and all the growths of the unicould, if he had a mind to, make a few harps and trumpets and organs. Grand old Haydn, sick and wornout, was carried for the last time into the music hall. There he heard his oratoric of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience rose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there!" Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and as he came to the door he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction. Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there." Music was born in heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in heaven, and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here are now at the headquarters of harmony. I think | before them - geologic, ornithologic, gone with them to heaven. When those tunes died, they did not stay on earth, and they could not have been banished to perdition, and so I think they must be in the corridors of alabaster and Leb-

anon cedar. In Bloodless Battle. Again, I remark that these of our departed Christian friends who in this world had very strong military spirit are now in armies celestial and out in bloodless battle. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in times of peace. They cannot hear a drum or a fife without trying to keep step to the music. They are Christian, and when they fight they fight on the right side. Now, when these our Christian friends who had natural and powerful military spirit entered heaven, they entered the

celestial army. The door of heaven

art into larger liberties and into wider | scarcely opens but you hear a military demonstration. David cried out, "The chariots of God are 20,000!" Elisha saw the mountains filled with celestial cavalry. St. John said, "The armies which are in heaven followed him on white horses." Now, when those who now that he has seen him, and could | had the military spirit on earth sanctified entered glory, I suppose they right away enlisted in some heavenly campaign. They volunteered right away. There must needs be in heaven soldiers with a soldierly spirit. There are grand

parade days, when the bing reviews the troops. There must be armed escort sent out to bring up from earth to heaven those who were more than conquerors. There must be crusades ever being fitted out for some part of God's dominion-battles, ble lless, groanless, painless-angels of evil to be fought down and fought out, other rebellious worlds to be conquered, worlds to be put to the torch, worlds to be saved, worlds to be sunk, worlds to be hoisted. Besides that, in our own world there are battles for the right and against the wrong where we must have the heavenly military. That is what keeps us Christian reformers so buoyant. So few good men against so many bad men; so few churches against so many grogshops; so many pure printing presses against so many polluted printing presses, and yet we are buoyant and courageous, because, while we know that the armies of evil in the world are larger in numbers than the army of truth, there are celestial cohorts in the air fighting on our side.

I have not so much faith in the army on the ground as I have in the army in the air. O God, open our eyes that we may see them—the military spirits that went up from earth to join the military spirits before the throne—Joshua and Caleb and Gideon and David and Samson and the hundreds of Christian warriors who on earth fought with fleshly arm, and now, having gone up on high, are coming down the hills of heaven ready to fight among the invisibles. Our departed Christian friends who had the military spirit in them sanctified are in the celestial army. Whether belonging to the artillery, or the cavalry, or the infantry, I know not. I only know that they have started out for fleet service and courageous service and everlasting service. Perhaps they may come this way to fight on our side and drive sin and meanness and satan from all our hearts. Yonder they are coming, coming. Did you hear them as

Everlasting Metaphysics.

But what are our mathematical friends to do in the next world? They found their joy and delight in mathematics. There was more poetry to them in Euclid than in John Milton. They were as passionately fond of mathematics as Plato, who wrote over his door, "Let no one enter here who is not acquainted with geometry." What are they doing now? They are busy with figures yet. No place in all the universe like heaven for figures. Numbers infinite, distances infinite, calculations infinite; if they want them, arithmetics and algebras and geometries and trigonometries for all eternity. What fields of space to be surveyed! What magnitudes to measure! What diameters, what circumferences, what triangles, what quaternions, what epicycloids, what parallelograms, what conic sections! The didactic Dr. Dick said he really thought that the redeemed in heaven spent some of their time with the higher branches of mathematics. So of our transferred and transported metaphysicians. What are they doing now? Studying the human mind, only under better circumstances than they used to study it. They used to study the mind sheathed in the dull human body. Now, the spirit unsheathed-now they are studying the sword outside the scabbard. Have you any doubt about what Sir William Hamilton is doing in heaven, or what Jonathan Edwards is doing in heaven, or the multitudes on earth who had a passion for metaphysics sanctified by the grace of God? No difficulty in guessing. Metaphysics, glorious meta-

physics, everlasting metaphysics. What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now? Exploring yet, but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance, a world in a second, a planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin, no more in disabled Erebus pushing toward the north pole; Christian de Long, no more trying to free blockaded Jeannette from the ice; Christian Livingstone, no more amid African malarias, trying to make revelation of a dark continent, but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was once unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock, the coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving bell, the mountains unbarred and opened without Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp.

The Library of the Universe. What are our departed friends who found their chief joy in study doing now? Studying yet, but, instead of a few thousand volumes on a few shelves, all the volumes of the universe open that the grand old church tunes that | conchologic, botanic, astronomic, phidied when your grandfathers died have losophic. No more need of Leyden jars or voltaic piles or electric batteries, stand-

of the universe. What are the historians doing now? Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities-whole millenniums before Xenophon or Herodotus or Moses or Adam was born. worlds. What are our departed astronomers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter and Mars and Mercury and Saturn and Orion and the Pleiades, overtaking and passing the swiftest comet in their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac

Newton is doing? Joseph Lenry died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Joseph Henry is doing? They were in discussion, all these astronomers of earth, about what the aurora borealis was, and none of them could guess. They know now; they have been out the dead women of northern and south-

there to see for themselves. What are our departed Christian chemists doing? Following out their own science, following out and following out forever. Since they died they have solved 10,000 questions which puzzled the earthly laboratory. They stand on the other side of the thin wall of electricity-the thin wall that seems to divide the physical from the spiritual world; the thin wall of electricity, so thin the wall that ever and anon it seems to be almost broken throughbroken through from one side by telephonic and telegraphic apparatus, broken through from the other side by strange influences which men in their ignorance call spiritualistic manifestations. All that matter cleared up. They laughing at us as older brothers will laugh at inexperienced brothers, as they see us with contracted brow experimenting and experimenting, only wishing they could show us the way to open all the mysteries. Agassiz, standing amid his student explorers down in Brazil, coming across some great novelty in the rocks, taking off his hat and saying: "Gentlemen, let us pray. We must have divine illumination. We want wisdom from the Creator to study these rocks. He made them. Let us pray." Agassiz going right on with his studies forever and forever.

The Men of the Law. But what are the men of the law who in this world found their chief joy in the legal profession, what are they doing now? Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law from the flight of humming bird to flight of world-law, not dry and hard and drudging, but righteous and magnificent law, before which man and cherub and seraph and archangel and God himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities and infinity and eternity. Chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand.

friends who in this world had their joy in the healing art doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness in heaven, but plenty of sickness on earth. plenty of wounds in the different parts coming down, not in lazy doctor's gig, but with lightning lecomotion. You cannot understand why that patient got well after all the skillful doctors had said he must die. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him-Abercrombie, who, after many years' dectoring the bodies and the souls of people in Scotland, went up to God in 1844. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him. I should not wonder if my old friend Dr. John Brown, who died in Edinburgh-John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends;" John Brown, who was as humble a Christian as he was a skillful physician. and world renowned author-I should not wonder if he had been back again and again to see some of his old patients. Those who had their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth, gone up to heaven, are come forth again for benignant medicament.

Grander Sociality. But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter conversation there and in grander sociality. What a place to visit in, where your next door neighbors are kings and queens, you yourselves kingly and queenly! If they want to know more particularly about the first paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and the moon halted, they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red sea boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask who were personal spectators while the mountains crouched and the heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch covenanters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old time ravivals, they have only to go over to ask Whitefield and Wesley and Livingston and Fletcher and Nettleton and Finney.

nity were one minute shorter, it would an d get awful hungry smelling the not be long enough for such sociality. Think of our friends who in this world were passionately fond of flowers turned into paradise. Think of our friends who were very fond of raising superb fruit turned into the orchard where each tree has 12 kinds of fruit at once and bearing the fruit all the year round. ing as they do face to face with the facts | What are our departed Christian friends What are our departed Christian friends removes the tumors. At druggists or by mail, doing in heaven, those who on earth for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, found their chief joy in the gospel ministry? They are visiting their old congregations. Most of those old ministers have got their people around them already. When I get to heaven-as by the grace of God I am destined to go to History of one world, history of all | that place-I will come and see you all. Yes, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered in the gospel, and to the millions of souls to whom, through the kindness of the printing press, I am permitted to preach termost parts of the earth. I will visit ter." them all. I give them fair notice. Our departed friends of the ministry are now engaged in that delectable entertain-

ment and undertaking. But what are our departed Christian

friends who in all departments of usefulness were busy, finding their chief joy in doing good, what are they doing now? Going right on with the work. John Howard visiting dungeons; ern battlefields still abroad looking for the wounded; George Peabody still watching the poor; Thomas Clarkson still looking after the enslaved, all of those who did good on earth busier since death than before. The tombstone not the terminus, but the starting post. What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God doing now? Studying God yet. No need of revelation now, for, unblanched, they are face to face. Now they can handle the omnipotent thunderbolts just as a child handles the sword of a father come back from victorious battle. They have no sin; no fear, consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation save the revelation of the scars—that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary; the Christ of the awful massacre, with its hemorrhage of head and hand and foot and side; the Christ of the shattered mausoleum; Christ the sacrifice, the Star, the Son, the Man, the God, the God-Man, the Man-God. But hark! The bell of the cathedral

rings-the cathedral bell of heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshipers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Conqueror. Christ standing in the temple. All heaven gathering around him. Those who loved the beautiful come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music come to listen to his voice. Those who were mathematicians come to count the years of his reign. Those who were explorers come to discover the height and the depth and the length and breadth of his love. Those who had the military spirit in heaven come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to look at the Morning Star. The men of the law come to look at him who is the judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at him who was wounded for our transgressions. What are our departed Christian All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the doxology, "Unto him who washed us from our sins in his own blood and made us kings of God's dominion to be healed and to and priests unto God, to him be glory be medicated. Those glorified souls in the church throughout all ages, world without end." Amen.

To show you that your departed friends are more alive than they ever were, to make you homesick for heaven, to give you an enlarged view of the glories to be revealed, I have preach-

ed this sermon.

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Here is a funny composition which a boy wrote about Thanksgiving and which the New York Times considered worth reporting:

"Thanksgiving was brought over from England by the Puritan fathers in the year 1620. It has staid here ever since. On Thanksgiving everybody goes to church in the morning, s s to have everything out of the way before dinder. Then you come Oh, what a place to visit in! If eter- home and hang around a little while turkey. After dinner Thanksgiving

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms--Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases

At Harodsburg one day Judge Cardwell summond a negro boy in his court to testify in a case. The following conversation then took place between his honor and the boy:

"Do you know good from bad?"

"Yes sir, boss, s' pec er duz." "Can you distinguish the truth from falsehood?"

"Yes sah, I kin extinguish truth or every week in this land and in the ut- | anything else if you'll gimme nuff wa-"Do you know what will become of

He

you if you testify to a lie?" "No, sah, jedge. Duz you?"
"Where does the devil live?" "You'll neber git to see him.

ves in heaven."

What?

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B. M. R. Nelson's Will.

CITATE OF VERMONT, ORLEANS DISTRICT, ss. In Probate Court, held at Newport, in said District, on the 17th day of November,

A. D., 1896.

An instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of B. M. R. Nelson, late of Barton, in said district, deceased, being presented to the Court by Wm. H. Blasdell and E. W. Barron, the executors therein

named, for probate.

It is ordered by said Court, that all persons concerned therein be notified to appear at a session of said Court to be held at the Probate Office in Newport, on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1896, at one o'clock p. m., and show cause, if any they may have, against the probate of said will: for which purpose it is further ordered, that a copy of the record of this order bepublished three weeks successively in the Ordered. successively in the Orleans County Monitor, printed at Barton, Vt., previous to said time appointed for hearing.

By the Court, Attest,

F. E. ALFFER de.